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A HINT to the FAIR SEX.

A  
GARLAND,

Containing fix New SONGS, viz.

- 1 A Hint to the fair Sex.
- 2 A New Spinning Wheel.
- 3 The Casuist,
- 4 Bellisle March or the Review.
- 5 A New Song.
- 6 A New Song sung by Mr Jegger.



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## A HINT to the FAIR SEX.

'G A I N S T the destructive wiles of Man,  
Your Hearts (ye fair one's) Guard;

Their only Study's to trepan

And Play a trickster's Card

With strange delight, poor Women they flight,  
Amuse, cajole, belye:

Hence Girls! beware, look sharp, take care:

For Men are wond'rous fly:

That Proteus Man like him of old,

A thousand Forms will take;

His venal Soul is all for Gold;

A Crocodile or Snake,

See his dire Thread, this Spider spread,

To catch the female Fly,

Hence, Girls! beware look sharp, take care,

For Men are wond'rous fly.

A Porcupine by Rage inspir'd,

At Nymphs he darts his Quill,

A Basilisk by Frenzy fir'd,

Her glance, like Poison,

With Fraudful arts, he steals their hearts,

Then throws the Baubles by;

Hence, Girls! beware, look sharp, take care,

For Men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole Race of Men to meet,

In one wide spreading Plain;

Of constancy of Faith to treat,

And virtue's spotless train:

To find a Youth renew'd for truth

Whole Ages we might try,

Hence Girls! beware, look sharp, take care,

For Men are wond'rous fly.



## A new SPINNING WHEEL.

**T**O ease his Heart and own his flame,  
 Young Fockey to my Cottage came ;  
 But 'tho I lik'd him passing well,  
 I carelefs turn'd my spinning wheel.  
 My milk white hand he did extol,  
 And prais'd my fingers long and small,  
 Unusual Joy my Heart did feel,  
 But still I turn'd my spinning Wheel.  
 Then round about my slender Waist,  
 He clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd :  
 To kiss my Hands he down did kneel,  
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning Wheel.  
 With gentle Voice I bid him rise,  
 He blessed then my Lips and Eyes,  
 My Fondness I could scarce conceal,  
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning Wheel.  
 'Till bolder grown, so close he prest,  
 Wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd,  
 I push'd him from my rock and reel.  
 And Angry turn'd my spinning Wheel.  
 At last when I began to chide,  
 He swore he meant me for his Bride ;  
 'Twas then my love I did reveal,  
 And flung away my spinning Wheel.

## THE CASUIST

Sung by Miss DAVIES.

**W**Hich is best he Casuist say,  
 To be grave, or to be gay,  
 Still to weep and never smile,  
 In the Penferoso stile,  
 To sit moaping like a Nun,  
 Or to frisk it in the fun,  
 Where the scenes of Mirth are play'd,  
 And the glad appointment made,  
 If the Maid avoids excess.  
 Better sing and Dance and Dress,  
 And Indulge the calls of Youth  
 While she forfeit not her Truth.  
 Rigour and severe Demean,  
 Are not decent at sixteen,  
 And the Character is lost,  
 Study'd at good Nature's cost,  
 She that Mediates the most,  
 Is not always Virtue's Boast;  
 Not the silent and demure,  
 Always peaceable and pure.  
 While the lively brisk and smart,  
 Have more Innocence at Heart,  
 With a little less to dread,  
 From the Mischief in their Heads.



## BELLEISLE MARCH, or the REVIEW.

*ALL hail to the King, that in Youth's early spring,  
 Such a Promise of Glory displays,  
 May his Race still extend freedom's Cause to defend,  
 And the Fame of old England to raise,  
 May our Edwards of old, and our Harries so bold,  
 In his Issue again and again be renew'd,  
 That our Sons of the Main, may their Empires maintain,  
 And Commerce in safety pursu'd.  
 With many a scar, behold from the War,  
 The brave Legions of Britain advance,  
 From Minden they come, swell the fife, beat the Drum,  
 From Miden the terror of France,  
 See the brave hardy crew as they pass into view.  
 How they smile on the King's royal train,  
 When these their Looks say, call us forth, we obey,  
 And we'll fight all our Battles again  
 From the East to the West Briton's Valour confess,  
 Standeth first on the records of Fame,  
 Let Williamsdorf's plain and the Borders of Spain,  
 British Faith British Courage proclaim.  
 From the dang'rous Sword of oppression restor'd,  
 Fair Freedom again shall display,  
 In Safety her Wings; for protection while Kings  
 Grateful Homage to Briton shall pay.  
 The fates that were done, by Phillip's mad son,  
 Where but trifles to glories like these.  
 For Ambition he fought and the lust only sought  
 Of his blood thirsty race to appease;  
 But Britons more brave, drew the sword out to save,  
 From such tyrants the Rights of mankind,  
 And the Weapons again when their end they obtain,  
 Is in Peace to the Scabbard consign'd,*

*A full flowing Glass now to Granby we'll pass,  
 And to each valiant Leader beside,  
 Nor forget the brave Crew who with Heart firm and  
 True*

*For their Country all Dangers defy'd,  
 Let the Drum beat a charge, and the Nation at large,  
 Reach the wide vaulted Sky with their Song,  
 'Till eccho the Sound from the Grotto rebound  
 And the loud Gratulation prolong.*

## A New SONG.

**H**ARK the Sound of the Drum. how it  
 beats come, come,  
 Each true Briton to deeds that are glorious ;  
 The pale Frenchman shall fly while our Flags  
 stream on high,  
 For we Britons are always victorious.

While our fam'd british Bands noble Granby  
 commands,

On the Banks of the Rhine or the Weser,  
 With her Laurels on high victory drops from  
 the Sky,

And she crowns his bald Head like a Cæsar.

Of old chiefs no more talk, for great Pocock  
 and Hawke,

Has eclips'd all theit deeds and their wonders,  
 In each climate and Sea the whole World must  
 obey,  
 And submit to our navy's loud Thunder.

What brave Wolfe has begun, gallant Amherst  
 has done.

And subdu'd the whole Empire in Glory,  
 While the Kings of the East, are like Clive all  
 supprest,  
 Like a hero and rival in story.

Now to humble proud France we bold Seamen  
 advance

Heart and Hand thus unite we so clever,  
 Then my Lads never fear, for King George  
 give a cheer,

George the third and his Navy for ever.

## A NEW SONG

Sung by Mr. J E G G E R,

**W**HY Caelin this constant upbraiding,  
 Why fretful and peevish complain?

Gentle looks are my Dear more perswading,

To fix the fond Heart of your swain

By your Beauty I swear I was Joaking,

And forc'a from young Phæbe a kiss,

Pshaw my Dear this is monstrous provoking  
 To take such a trifle amiss.  
 Give over such nonsensical Railing,  
 At every young Girl of the Town,  
 Pray have you my Dear no one Failing,  
 Remember your May Day green Gown.  
 Do I say there was any hurt in  
 The frolick you had with young Will;  
 Or when you with Philander was flirting,  
 And tripping it over the Hill.  
 I never was fretful and teasing,  
 When Roger you kiss'd by Mistake,  
 I suppos'd your dear self you was pleasing,  
 When dancing with Tom at the Wake.  
 Pray child can you say I do lie?  
 With Hodge on the Mow you was seen,  
 Where was you the Nineteenth of July,  
 With Harry that lives on the Green,  
 Then cease pr'y thee cease this reviling,  
 No more of this Rangling and Noise,  
 But meet me with Looks sweetly smiling,  
 And revel in Love's richest Joys:  
 My Heart is your own if you will take it,  
 But think not to trat it severe,  
 By Bacchus you never shall break it,  
 For in Wine I will drown all my Care.

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